



Magazine Page



This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the taking possession of the Mississippi in the name of France, by Pierre d'Iberville, in 1700. He was one of ten famous sons of Charles Le Moyne, of Montreal, and the founder of Mobile, thus fulfilling La Salle's vision of a French settlement on the Gulf.

Cleaning Gloves.

TO clean light-gray, doekskin gloves let the gloves soak in a saucer with sufficient petrol to cover them; take out, do not squeeze, but let the dirty liquid drip off. Lay on a thick, clean cloth and with a dry piece of rag rub down, working from the wrist to the fingers. Constantly change the surface of the rag.

When a Girl Marries

A STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

Anne Tries to Shelve Virginia and Incurs Bitter Words From Her Husband

By Ann Lisle.

CHAPTER LXVII.

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THE shrill call of the telephone in the living room rang through the early morning darkness of the apartment. Drowsily heard and it mingled with my dreams of Jim's tenderness to me the night before. Half-sleeping and half-waking, I lived again through the ugly moment when Jim had suggested that we share an apartment with Phoebe and Virginia—who didn't even speak to me.

I smiled dreamily at the memory of my provocative reply—"Would you be bored living alone with me?" I remember with a delicious thrill the passion with which Jim had set his lips to mine in reply.

Through those dreams the phone went on shrilling its summons. Startled to full wakefulness, I glanced at Jim's watch, hanging from the corner of his bed. It was only 8.

Evidently Jim could sleep through New Year's chimes or the bombardment of a city, since that timeless longing didn't pierce his slumbers. Resentfully, I slipped into my robe and slippers and padded out to the room where Neal slept like a peaceful cherub through all the alarm.

The call was for him—he was ordered to report at the station, instead of at the draft board, according to the usual procedure, at 2:30.

One hundred men would start at once for the artillery camp. Stopping over Neal's bed, I set a light kiss on his red curls that fluttered right across the middle of his forehead.

"Laddie, dear—wake up. You're starting West today, and there's a lot to do," I whispered.

Neal opened his eyes for a second, then turned over sleepily, flung up his arm to ward off what was disturbing him, and was sound asleep again in another second. I laughed, then I set my hands on my knees and shook him to reproachful wakefulness.

Neal speaks confidentially.

"Oh, Babsie—let a fellow sleep."

Register Your Child

By Dr. W. A. McKeever.

THERE will probably arise a number of incidents during the life of your child when a certificate of birth will be worth much more than money. It is so easy to secure this official record now, and it is usually difficult or impossible to obtain the necessary facts after a year or so. Besides becoming an interesting record, the birth certificate may be called for in the future, when he desires: (1) to furnish legal proof of descent; (2) to prove inheritance of property; (3) to establish claim for pension; (4) to establish claim for employment; (5) to defend claim for some kind of pension; (6) to prove inheritance of property; (7) to establish claim for pension; (8) to establish claim for employment; (9) to establish claim for pension; (10) to establish claim for employment.

The best time to obtain the certificate of birth is during the first days of the child's infancy, but if you have neglected to do this, the papers may be dated back, provided you can still find the important certificates. Your attending physician should be asked for a form of certificate, and that of the nurse or some other personal witness. It is well to add the date, the day of the week, the hour, the name of the child, its weight, length, and the apparent physical status. If the form shows no space for all these facts, write them in ink on the margin or back.

When it is not so frequent an occurrence, it would be regarded as a startling event, that of the coming of a new human being into the world. Birth and death are the two greatest inexplicable things that the birth of the individual as much an "event" as his death? Why not plan more definitely to give the infant a happy start on his way through life as well as give the deceased a sympathetic farewell off into "The Beyond"?

Born on Wednesday, January 1, 1919, to Mr. and Mrs. Jennings Bryan Jones, of the street, a son, Joseph Bryan Jones. A normal, healthy infant.

Such a notice in your daily paper will cost but little, if anything, and it will make an interesting keepsake for the child himself.

Now, while we have just emphasized the legal advantage of such a thing as a birth certificate for the infant, I am inclined to emphasize the sentimental aspects of its birth even more.

The little one should have the benefit of more than a reception committee when he comes into this stormy old world. He deserves also a "rooters" club to begin at once to get behind his possible future of commendable effort and progress. For many years to come the infant visitor will be guided little by sense and reason, and much by sentiment. By slow degrees he is to discover his relations to the members of the family at home and to the others about him.

We register the best calves and the finest pigs with scrupulous care. Now, let us even more carefully register all the little babies that come to live among us. And let us receive them all for what they really are, the finest and the best of God's gifts to the world.

The Capture of 10,000 Kernels

How English Women Helped in Winning the Great War by Working in the Grain Fields



The harvest scene here shown was photographed some time ago, though the pictures have just reached this country. During the final months of the war English girls were trained to care for herds, to milk cows and do general farm work. Attired in overalls, gaiters and stout boots, they proved their worth in practical results.

Will Women Undercut Men?

Advice to the Lovelorn

By Eleanor Gilbert.

WHAT can women do now that the boys are coming home and women are no longer needed in many industries to replace men?

That is the question which is giving much concern to many workers and students of the woman problem in industry. Will women who don't have to work return to their homes satisfied? How will women be shifted from typically men's to women's industries?

Much that is being done and will be done will be experimental. But in all the readjustment that takes place, it is surely the duty of all women who work to bear in mind one big principle at least. The better wage and time standards that women have won during the course of war work must not be relinquished. There must be none of the old-time unfair competition between the vanity of some women and the vanity of some men.

Thousands of women have fought a good fight to make the readjustment, and to get for women the same pay for the same work as men. Now that there is no longer the overwhelming demand for labor—woman's labor—at any price, there is sure to come a reaction from many quarters.

Women will be tempted to remain in men's jobs by being offered men's responsibilities even when men are available. A man's title and responsibility are likely to appeal to the vanity of some women to the extent that they will overlook the small fact of the man's salary not being included. Every woman who knowingly takes a man's job at less than a man's pay is committing a double robbery against workers.

In the first place she is robbing a man of a job. No gilded pseudo-patriotic phrase can now be used about taking a job "to release a man for Uncle Sam." Bluntly, she will be stealing a job from a man who needs it because she is undercutting him. She is making a poorly-paid job out of what might be a remunerative one.

In the second place, she is dealing a blow to all women who work. If she is willing to work at a lower wage than a man, then her employer will expect every woman he hires to work at lower wages, and

To Be Continued.

Hints for the Household

TO renovate a black straw hat, rub some olive oil into the straw with a brush, then dry, and the straw will look like new.

Egg stains on linen or any other cloth should be soaked in cold water—never in hot, which would make them almost impossible to remove. move.

Before frying cold potatoes, slice them and well dredge with flour. This not only causes the potatoes to brown more quickly, but also improves their flavor.

In making button holes rub soap on the material before cutting button holes in serge or tweed. The soap holds the threads together and prevents them from fraying during the making.

To prevent copper utensils from tarnishing, clean them with equal quantities of soda, flour and salt mixed with vinegar. Rub in hot water and polish with dry white linen.

To remove grease spots from tablecloths, coats, trousers, etc., sandwich the article between two pieces of blotting paper and rest a hot iron over the damaged part for a few minutes.

The Club-Footed Man

A NEW SPY SERIAL BY VALENTINE WILLIAMS

Desmond Meets His Brother Francis Who Has a Job as Waiter in Dusseldorf Cafe.

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

Desmond Oswald, British army officer, goes to Germany in search of his brother, Francis, a member of the British secret service. At a small frontier town a man named Semlin, a German Government agent, drops dead in his room. Desmond appropriates Semlin's papers and assumes his identity. He reaches Berlin without incident and is conducted into the presence of General Von Boden, an aide of the Kaiser. Desmond, having convinced Von Boden he is really Semlin, is ushered into the residence of the Kaiser. Later he receives a cipher message from his brother, Francis. Desmond meets Clubfoot, who explains what he wants of Semlin. Desmond then meets Clubfoot's man, who hides him from Clubfoot's men. She explains that Clubfoot's identity is a mystery to her.

The amateur spy is forced to flee from his hiding place and is adrift in Berlin. He goes to a secret agent who disguises him and gets him a job as waiter. The place is raided by Clubfoot and agents, but Desmond escapes by a ruse. He goes to Dusseldorf where he finds his brother.

"Not a word now," he said in German as he cleared away the breakfast. "I am off this afternoon. Most of the river promenade by the Schiller statue at a quarter past two and we'll go for walk. Don't stay here now but come back and lunch in the restaurant and pretty safe."

Then he called out into the void: "Twenty-six wants to pay!"

Such was my meeting with my brother.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Hand-Clasp By the Rhine.

That afternoon Francis and I walked out along the banks of the swiftly flowing Rhine until we were far beyond the city. Anxious though I was that he should reveal to me that part of his life which lay hidden beneath those lines of suffering in his face, he made me tell my story first. So I unfolded to him the extraordinary series of adventures that had befallen me since the night I had blundered upon the trail of great secret in that evil hotel at Rotterdam.

Francis did not once interrupt the flow of my narrative. He listened with the most tense interest, but a growing concern which betrayed itself clearly on his face. At the end of my story, I silently handed to him the half of the stolen letter I had seized from Clubfoot's man. He looked at it, then he looked at me, then he looked at the letter again. "Keep it, Francis," I said. "It's safer with a respectable waiter like me."

Locating Them.

Two army officers while ballooning lost trace of their whereabouts, and, wishing to ascertain what part of the country they were passing over, descended until they came within hailing distance of a rustic at work in a field. When nearly overhead one of the officers called out, "Hi there, Johnny! Can you tell us where we are?" The rustic gazed up at them in much amazement. Thinking he had not heard, one of the officers shouted again louder than before. "Where are we?" "Why, you're in a balloon, ain't ye?" shouted the rustic.

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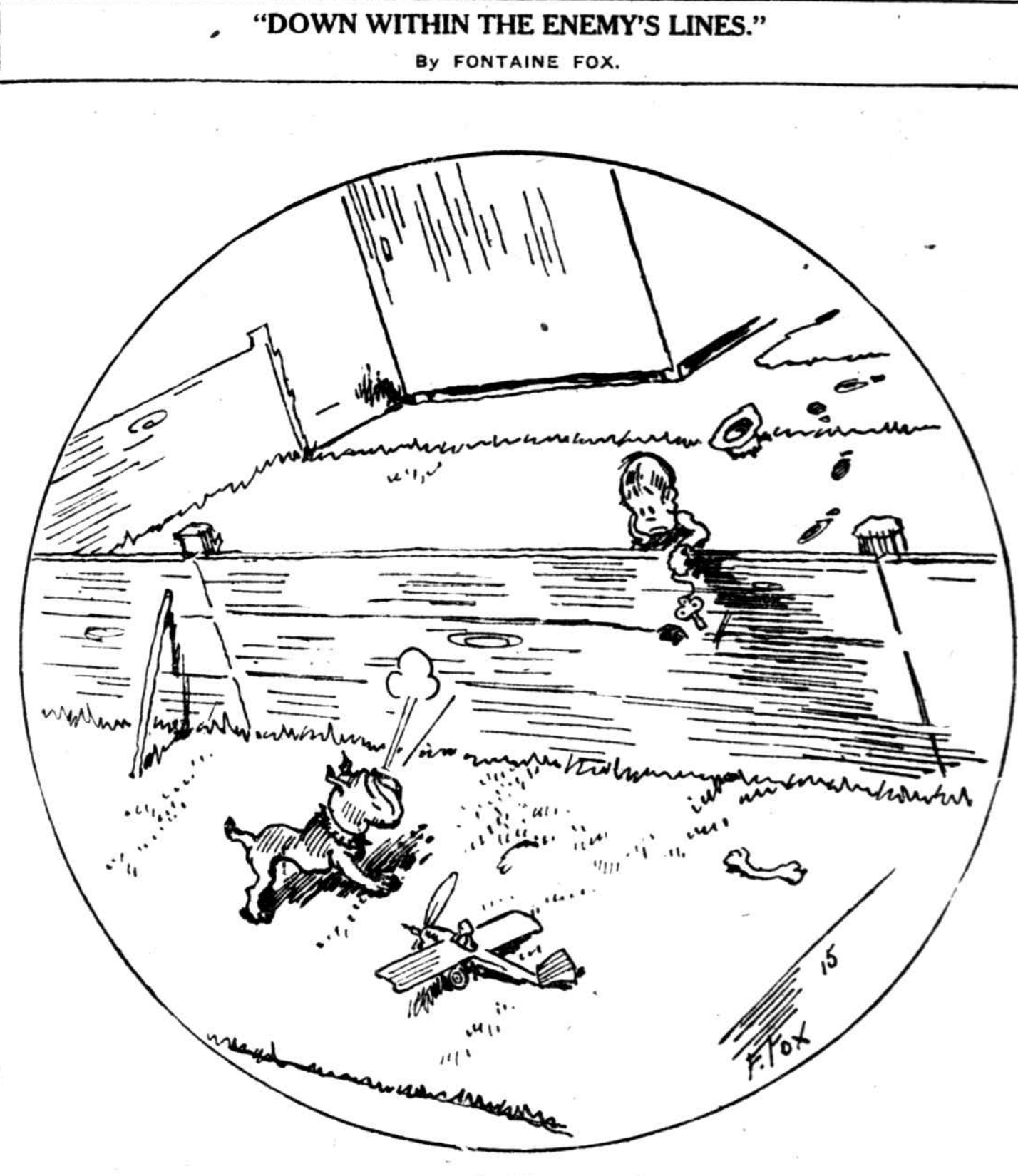
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